

halted in a deep glen between exceedingly steep hills, through which a torrent-bed had cut its course directly to the sea. In this secluded spot, far from all villages or inhabitants, we arranged to encamp upon a flat and inviting plot of turf, which in Cyprus is rarely met with. Some tolerable elms and other trees formed a dense shade in a deep and narrow portion of the glen beneath the over-hanging cliffs, and a beautiful spring of water issued from the rock, received in a stone cistern beneath. An arch of masonry inclosed the spring, which some kind person had thus carefully arranged for the public good; this was richly clothed with maiden-hair ferns. The surplus water, after overflowing the stone basin, formed a faint stream, which trickled over the rocks between cliffs only a few feet apart, until it emerged from this narrow cleft and joined the sea. I walked down this natural alley to the beach and bathed, to the astonishment of my guide Iiani and another Cypriote, who rushed to the top of the cliff as though they thought I contemplated suicide; these people having a natural horror of cold water. The name of this secluded glen was Symboli.

On the following morning we started for Polis, fourteen miles by an easy route along the coast. The mountains upon our left were very precipitous, and exhibited the same character of complete wilderness which had marked them for the last two marches; the only difference apparent was an increase in the remaining pines, which fairly clothed their summits and ravines. The sea was perfectly calm, and for the first time during our stay in Cyprus we observed many shoals of fish playing upon the surface close to the beach. Two cormorants were in the bay, and I